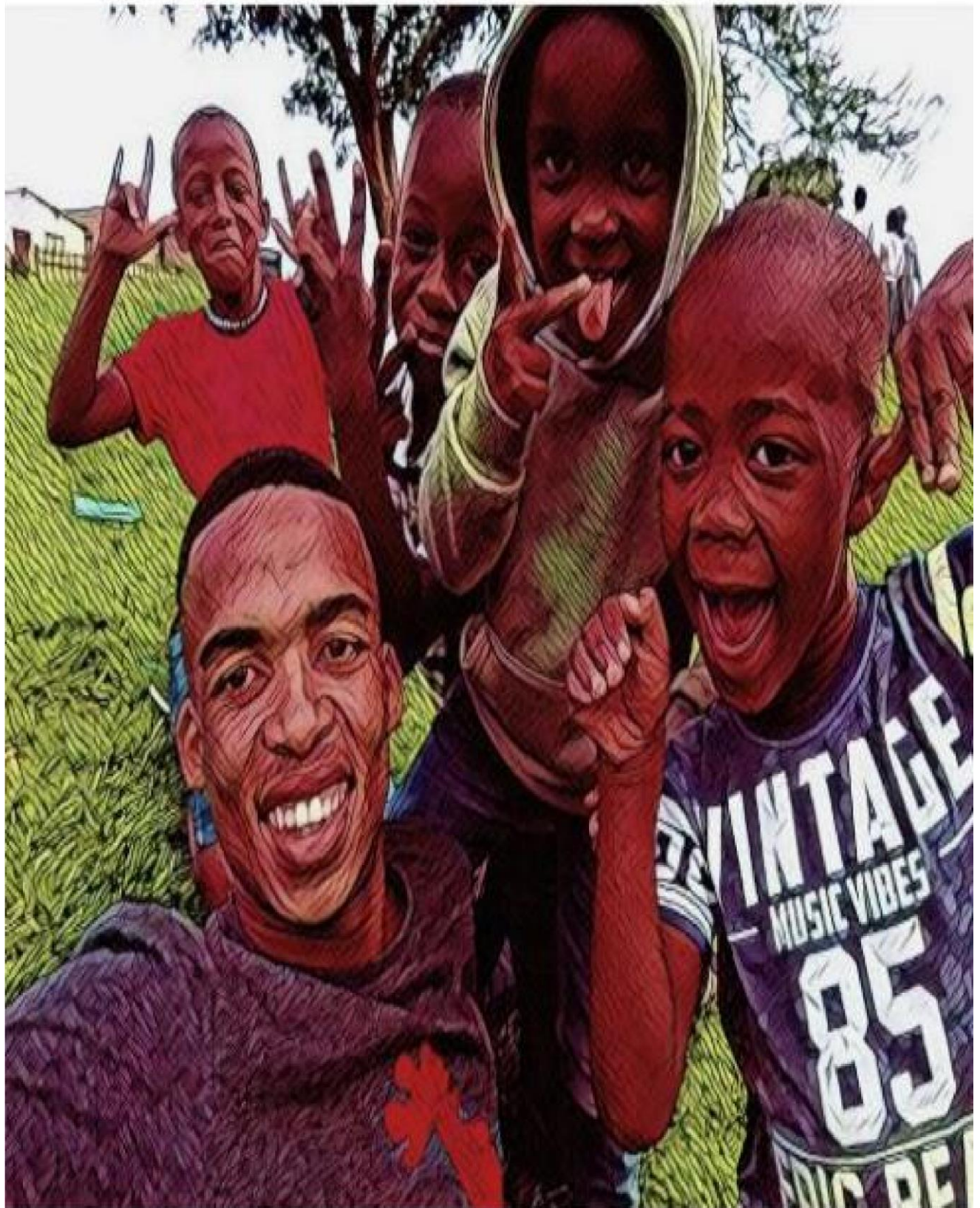


# THERAPEUTIC AND TRAUMATIC POEMS

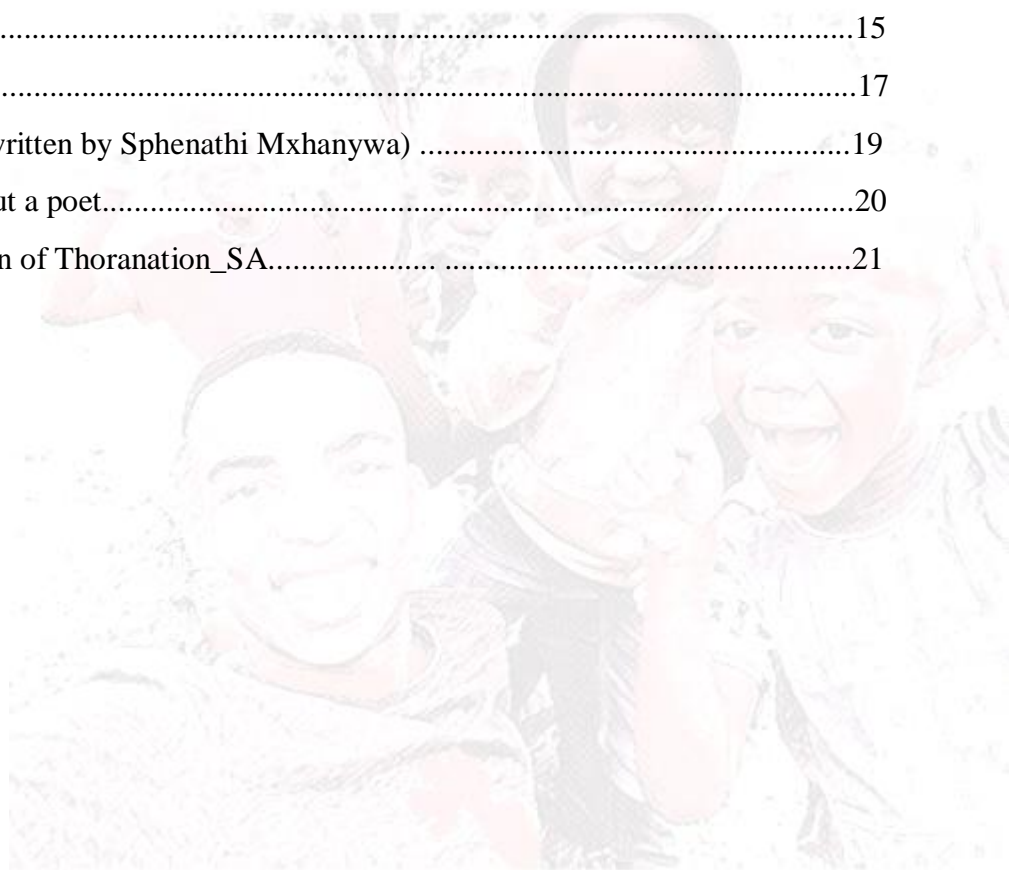


SM DLEPHU

#THORANATION\_SA

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## 1. Reality

Buy me an ice  
The weather is too hot  
Lend me sunglasses  
The future is too bright  
Aid me with the fire extinguishers  
Bright and fully filled fumes

Different ideas at the tip of this pen  
Got me stuttering even when I write  
The true colours of black and white episodes  
Of a young black man's life, growing up  
A typical South African way of growing up  
Absent father like others but still growing  
Came from the dark, but skin tone still glowing  
No time to go to school, but still going  
From a broken home and toxic environment  
At school, still excelling

A young man's mind is free  
He just had a emotional feast and spiritual fulfilment  
He's in love with English lessons  
A literature section to be in particular  
Living in other realities  
Of W.K Thamsanqa, A.C Jordan, Ncedile Saule  
Chris Van Wyk , J.M Coetzee, Gcina Mhlophe, Can Themba  
Oswald  
Mbuyiseni Mtshali, Phumla Dineo Gqola, Nadine Gordimer Pauline  
Smith, Chinua Achebe, Ngugi Wa Thiong'o, Gabriel Okara William  
Wordsworth, Enerst Hemingway, Shari Lapena

Jordan Peterson and Panuel the black pen my Godfather  
Realities within a reality  
A camouflage reality

It's that time of Thora talks  
Me going mad like Benny on Tina Talks  
I write simple poems but I know a lot  
To bring all my unpublished books would need Takealot  
Confessions of a dangerous of a dangerous heart  
Were not even confessions  
Not from even a capable to be dangerous organ  
Let alone, they were never from a heart  
And these are true  
Confessions of a dangerous heart  
Poems lines, not a poetry book

Death knocked at my dark room  
I opened the door at midnight  
Because of Hope haunting fear for death  
Attentively listening to my depression  
I couldn't scream, even when I die  
I'm John Donne resurrected  
And I'm here to confirm that 'death is ashamed'  
Writing African poems for Bas Jan i'mn't done

With a duty to pave my way  
Because I'm a poet of today  
Been caught up on social media  
Trying to promote myself before promoting my poetry

Liking pages and joining groups  
Searching for South African poetry competitions

The fading away fog of reality  
On screens, on PC and computer screens  
On small, big and flat screens, lights off  
Screens and projectors on  
Audience popping corns watching a movie  
Social the international hood  
These days sleeping literally means  
Being awake, even woke on the Plasticnation  
At Library Archive, it's where I built my empire of Thoranation\_SA  
Social media be toxic for the weds  
Exactly as the meds  
Algorithms snitching on me to the feds  
Too much variations of bad content like in fast food  
Following directionless people  
Too many 'friends' who ain't really 'friends'  
'Been' In the places I haven't really 'been'  
'Been tagged 'a I am with people who I am not 'with'  
Let alone, I never knew, met them  
I am a social vegan  
I don't like meet  
Worse such fake inorganic meet  
Posting a reel on the Gram doesn't make anything real  
This is the reality

## 2. Therapeutic and traumatic poems.

Historians let's go back to 2012  
My crew stole pens, I picked up a feather  
Using R.Kelly's calendar got me having lunch after 12  
I had blessing verses back then, but now this is a  
murder

Falling in love with poetry  
Got me ghosting the world  
Got me failing chemistry I had with science nerds  
and at school, failing the geometry

Sick internally, this must be the same cancer  
That took my grandpa from me  
If that's true, I understand why he couldn't beat it  
Slowly but fast, so consistent, it eats me

A dream chased until turn into nightmare  
Somebody tell Mihle and &Y that I care  
Otherwise, I hope everyone understand that life isn't fair  
It's the Garden of Eden  
But I remain an introvert around the  
snakes and won't dare eat the apples at all  
Gonna keep writing this naked truth

Sometimes I sit high on the weed trees  
And reminisce on the dark and rainy nights  
Coming back from hustling, I had no keys  
Saved by my dying coal of sneaking in,

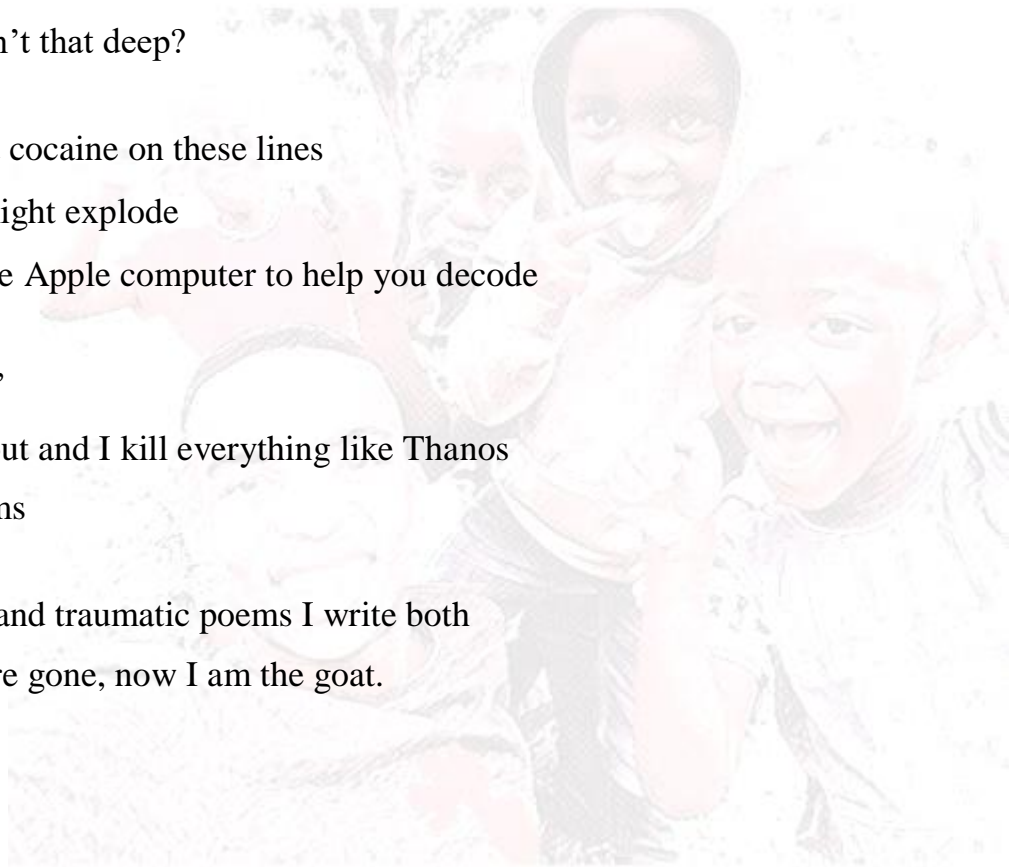
it got back to red bright  
Held my breath  
Before holding the door handle  
Passed by the strangers on the temporary death  
Jah is light, so Rasta never needed a candle

I was dipping the cows  
Not chicken, or fries.  
I rather dip, than chill with boys who can't relate  
You think isn't that deep?

I literally put cocaine on these lines  
Your head might explode  
You need like Apple computer to help you decode

I write 'snap'  
You read it out and I kill everything like Thanos  
in these poems

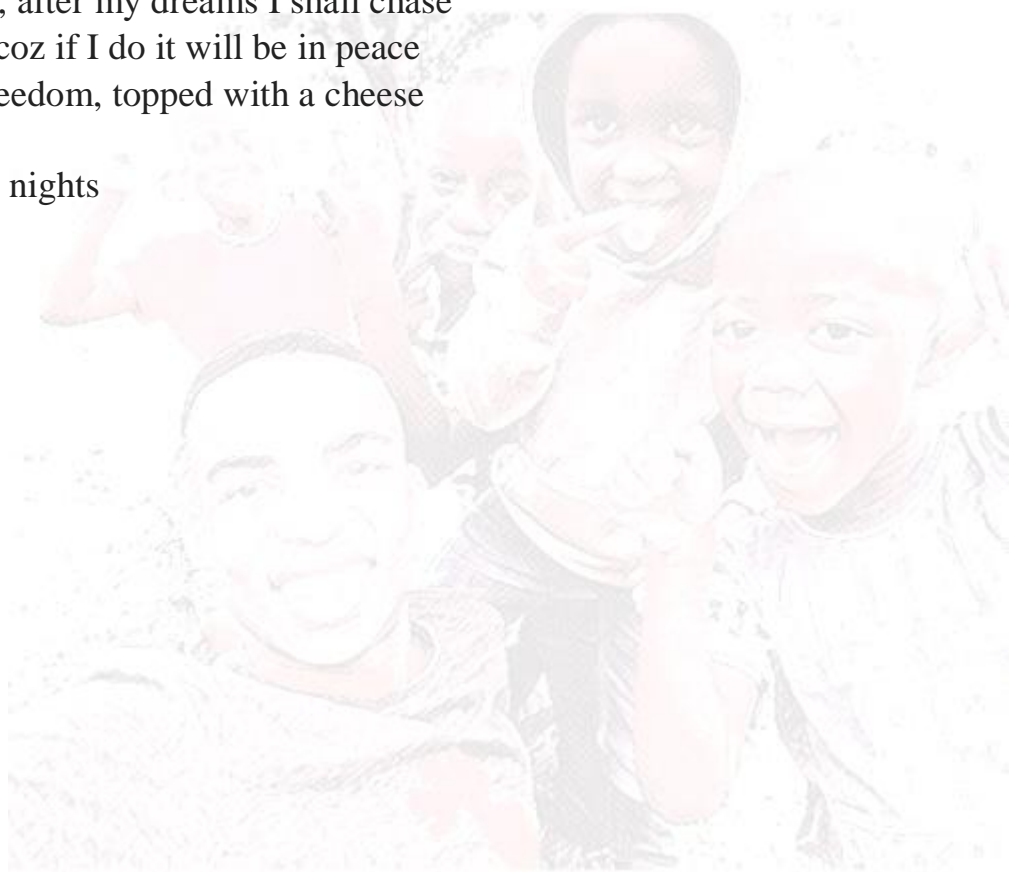
Therapeutic and traumatic poems I write both  
Head boys are gone, now I am the goat.



### 3. One of those nights

Darker than my darkest sense of humour  
A frozen clock, with a compass without directions I  
ask myself, why I can't answer myself?  
I hate myself, for not being able to love myself  
I walk slowly, hauling a grave  
Of the giant that has died within me  
It feels like a miscarriage  
I convince myself, 'this is a passing phase'  
I won't sleep, after my dreams I shall chase  
I won't rest, coz if I do it will be in peace  
I want my freedom, topped with a cheese

One of those nights





#### 4. Thoranation\_SA

Blazing 🔥 to prove I'm a Bingbang descendant  
A street frontline writer, from my '98 generation  
*Even my cursive lines are still the prettiest*  
If I die in the hood  
For surely I will resurrect at the stage  
I'm gone and it's not for good  
To turn myself into a statue of a Best writer  
But philosophers will twist their minds  
around the unverified suspicions  
So- around the truth and lies too  
Miraquill will keep the history  
but the media houses will burn it with their bloody inked secrets too  
They just asked me for an interview and I pulled through I talked  
about Stive Biko and they asked me 'who'?  
I'm Black and conscious in this movement  
What's wrong with you?  
'He's sponsored by Colgate' white and funny stories  
As if I had to write black and sad stories  
I wrote a poem 'white' on a valentine's day  
But no one reddit  
From the bus stop number 2012  
I've been on this road for like 10 miles  
That's a decade of writing  
I'm still learning everyday  
It's not like I have a lot to say  
Considering I'm a poet, oh I have in way  
Writing many books, with many long poems is another way

Like in the class of Physics  
Everything that I learnt matter  
It's all love but it's only Marshall who Matters  
I grew up slim, the environment was shady  
I consume a lot of gas because I'm driven too  
To rhyme even better



## 5. Paths

Different directions

Altitudes and attitudes of texture

These paths also affected by the weather

Downward path on a sunny day

Upward paths on a rainy day

Paths with potholes

Leading to the nucleated graveyard

Of masses killed by illiteracy and buried by drugs

The youth remains unemployed

With insomnia, listening to the owls doing extra shifts

They say each traveller's time is different

Different paths, leading to the different directions

Different pit stops and different destinations

Somewhere crossing and intertwining

Eventually joining and end up separating

Too many different names for these paths, the streets,  
the hustle, field of interest, career, the given gift, the  
opportunity, the true calling, skills and knowledge.

A taken chance for single person

With unlimited opportunity

The paths

Separated by the yellow line.

## 6. A torn apart picture

She's missing

Grandpa too but we still commemorate

His departure day

Grandma too but recently

I saw her for like a minute, got emotional for days

My momma too, but she defeated that

demon Handed herself over to the police but

not pleaded guilty at court to the charges of

negligence

&Y found home at children's home

Mingled with the strangers

Got healed of trauma watching PJ Masks

Got born again into a happy family

Someone's still missing

And we can't know

Someone we don't know

Somebody tells my other grandpa

That I don't believe in someone's son

Who doesn't come back

Even if their body is the bread and their blood is wine

Loving all the people, except of their own

Bra Lloyd caught up in work during fest

But Ntsika and Oluhle will be with us

Their moms too and we'd like that

The family picture on the wall

She's missing



## 7. Darkness

Passing moment, so dark

I hear a dog in a cold night, cussingly it barks

I fear darkness

Because it comes with hopelessness

Devil's taking advantage of me

In vintage days, no true colours of truth I could see

Licking my wrists dripping with innocent thug's blood

My soulguard had to come before my bodyguard I could  
not eat or sit, I just wanted to sleep

Even convinced myself death would slap – it was that deep

I turned the lights on

Logged into WhatsApp, turned chat on

Friends filled up in my room

It was cheers and burning hooker in my room

Trapping with crackers

Nearly cracking with trappers

Accounts reactivated, passwords accepted, statuses updated

Likes and comments replied to and reacted, this life so staged

Lit moments, loud music, gents joking and mature talks Some  
weekends we went out and came back with phara walks Piano  
blowjobed my mood

I love it, it felt so good

Few hours later

Sunsets, darkness above me again

It feels like Karma with jargon monologue on my mind Or

Covid-19 spread, mental illness is real but I don't get it I

could not even wake up for breakfast

I ate my depressive thoughts, didn't want to share them with no one

Contacts blocked and unsaved, WhatsApp uninstalled My phone on

silent, flight mode, turned off and the battery removed I was chasing

the due dates of my extended due dates Concetta and energy drinks

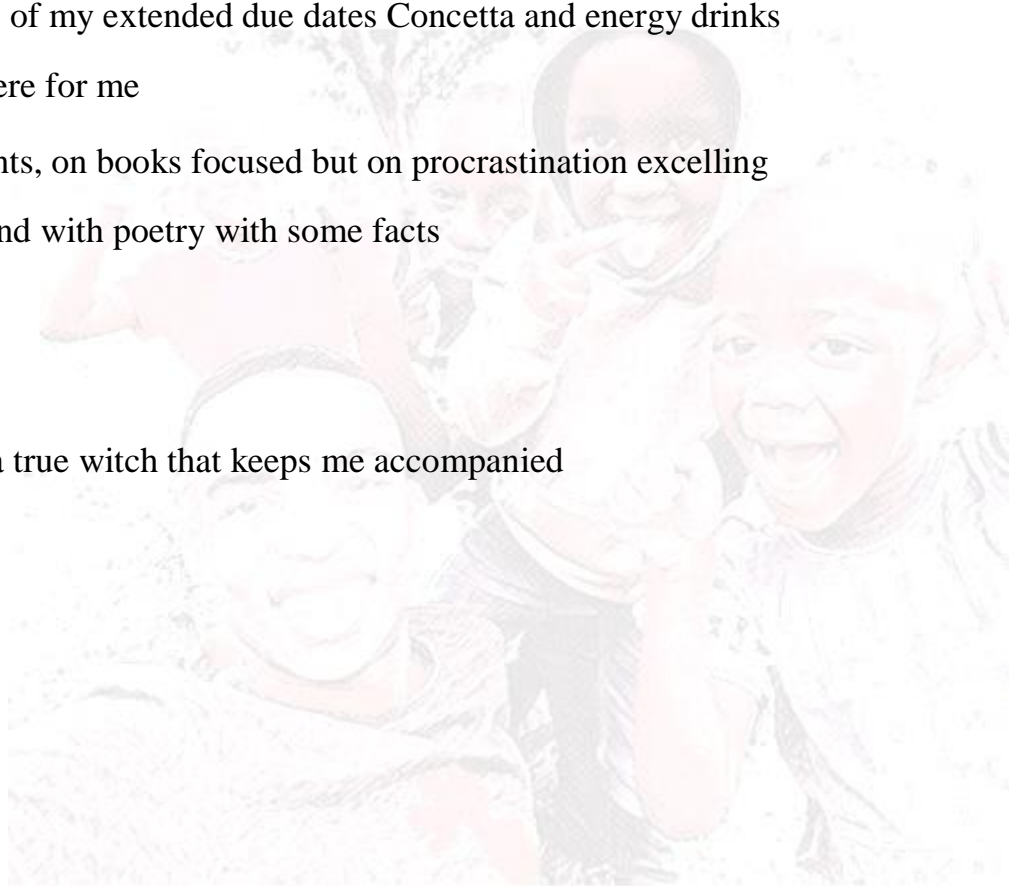
were only there for me

Quiet moments, on books focused but on procrastination excelling

Playing around with poetry with some facts

It's 2 am

Darkness is a true witch that keeps me accompanied



8. Mxmed

I still keep

My poetry short

Like I did, before

My former English teacher

Left education for law

And gave me a sentence for a short line

This book is for my psychologist

That's why I am writing out my mind

This poem is for immature critics

Judging a poet's mind by his poems

Mxmed

The whole dictionary on top of my head I said

'mxmed' and wrote my own words At

Sithiweni village back in the old home site

Writing at night gave me ghostwriter vibes

Wind blowing off a candle

My books closing on their own

Stan tearing apart my portrait

Government banning my books

Junkies burning my books

Libraries taking down my books

Critics ain't criticizing no more

I was a writer before life

And I still in action

I just happen to be caught up in chasing these Griselda deals kind of papers

I've had to wash my eyes  
With the rain of the shooting stars  
Mxmed, I have killed a lion  
barehanded and passed out licking my  
scars It resurrected as the doctor  
And healed my scars because  
The story of the jungle said I am the king

My work expired in the shelves  
The message became irrelevant  
Hallucination consciousnessed with confusion  
A writer overrated by illiterate people  
I mxmed that  
Started my own Thoranation\_SA  
Me and young poets really going insane  
But we don't need any therapists  
Free spirits, free minds  
Nathi nguMthetho we aren't captured  
I won't compromise for sake of being published I  
am a free descendant of Steve Biko  
But it's Mzwakhe Mbuli who fought for my artistic freedom  
I write what I like  
I really declined a writing deal and  
Mxmed  
I signed a weed farm planting weed deal  
And wrote the highly valued poems  
At the lowest level of my career  
#Thoranation\_SA



## 9. Amazing

Life would be amazing

If there were no feelings

No love, no hate

Being a scarce vegan with my ex

No meet and no beef

It would be amazing

If she didn't like lies

My Rihanna, I needed her ASAP

Pleased by me playing a playboy

I thought about not telling lies

My homie gave me a memo

Knowing by myself all the moves

I was about to turn, take and turn

It was amazing

She said she was mad at me

I knew she wasn't, b!tch so sane

I said I am sorry

This talk's sick but I wasn't

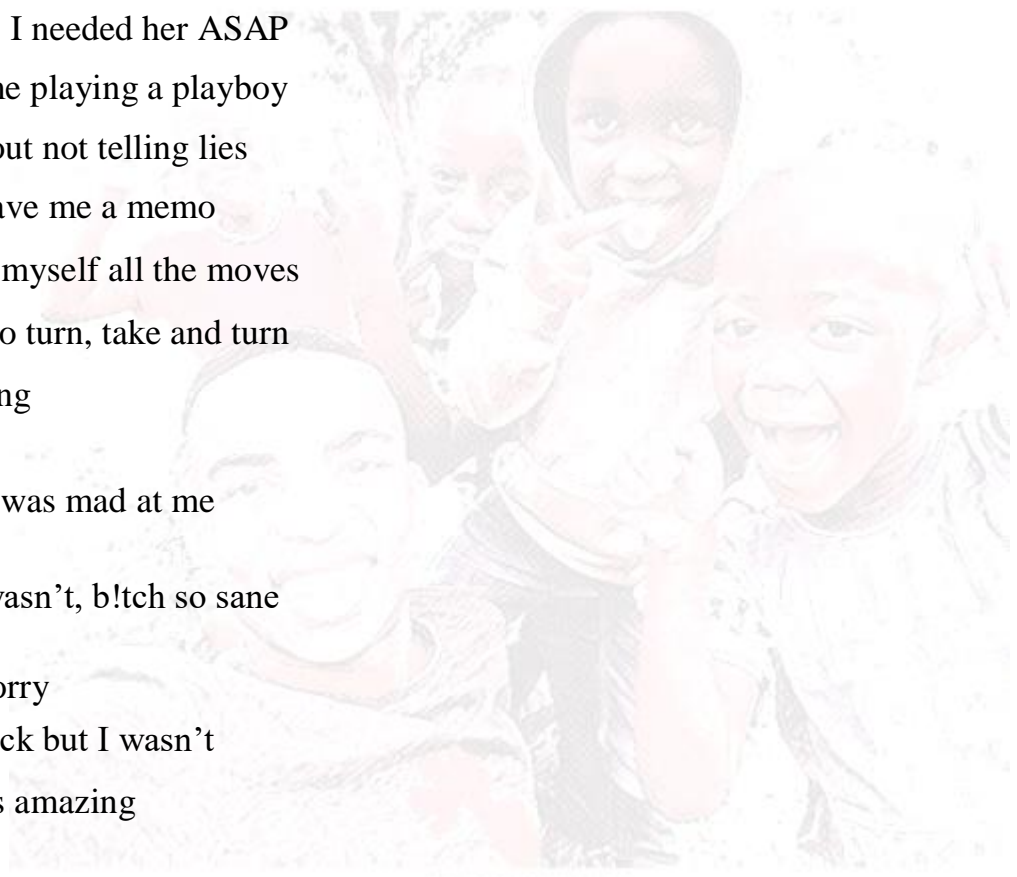
Our love was amazing

She only wanted to see me with her I

told her 'babe you better close your eyes'

She said she's mine I assured her

they're all mine



I may not be  
but this poem is  
amazing

It may not be by the content  
But by title, this poem is  
Amazing.

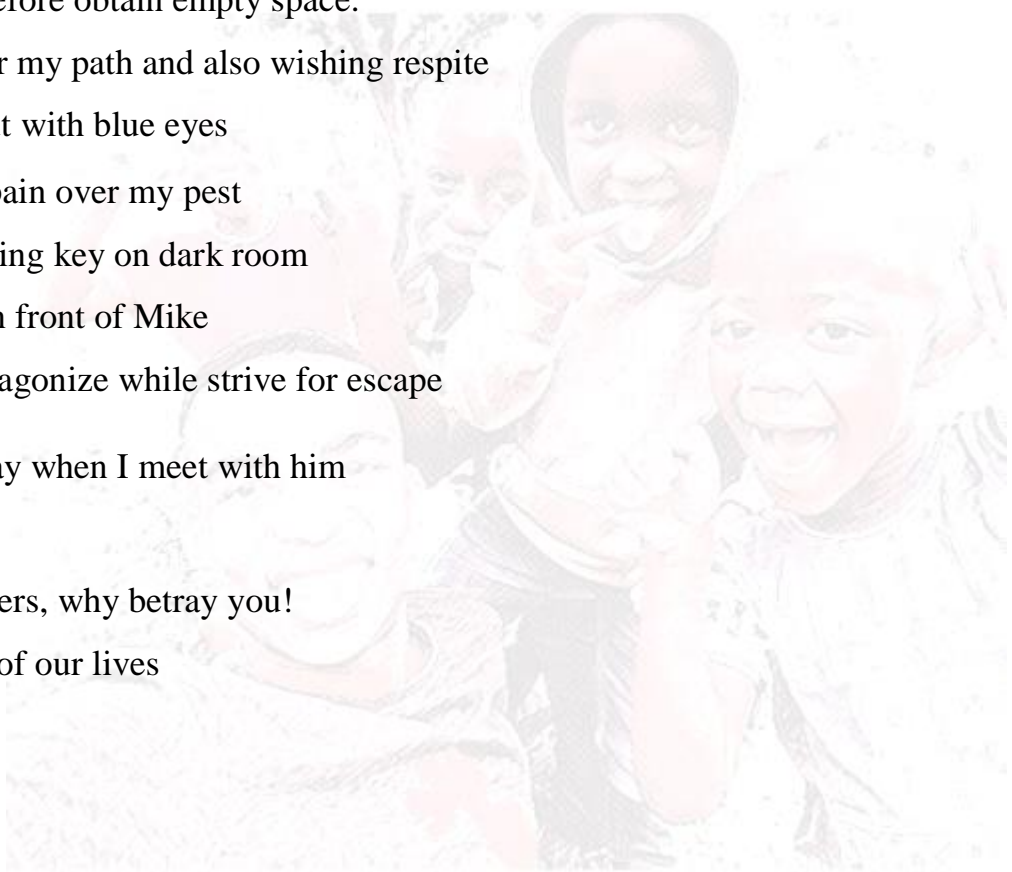


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10. Torture.  
(Sphenathi Mxhanywa)

Sun rise but shadow cover my path.  
Suffocation keep soul warm without alert  
Emotions covered by dark zone  
Wide plants own every space on Earth

Heart alert before obtain empty space.  
Torture cover my path and also wishing respite  
Crowd shout with blue eyes  
Deep down pain over my pest  
As seek missing key on dark room  
Chasing us in front of Mike  
Relatives antagonize while strive for escape  
I curse the day when I meet with him  
Blood members, why betray you!  
But it's days of our lives



## 12. More about myself.

I am Dlephu Mthokozisi Simlindile and my pen name is Tour Orah da poet. I would like to give a big shout out to people who have been supporting me, I am talking about the #Thoronation\_SA, friends and family. My previous work can be accessed at these following links.

Here is me: Other and collected poems (2020)

<https://archive.org/details/here-is-me-other-and-collected-poems.-sim-dlephu-3>

Confessions Of A Dangerous Heart (2021) <https://archive.org/details/confessions-of-a-dangerous-mind-sm-dlephu-2>

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THANK YOU SO MUCH FAM, I LOVE YOU ALL!!!

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